

A GREAT MEDICINE

BRINGS HEALTH TO THREE MEMBERS OF SAME FAMILY.

Cures a Wife's Debility After Malaria, a Husband's Rheumatism, a Daughter's Nervous Prostration.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many people," said Mrs. Gossett, "because I have seen great results, time after time, right in my own family. There are three of us who have no doubt about their merits. We do not need to take anybody's word on the subject for our own experience has taught us how well they deserve praise."

"It was just about ten years ago that I first read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and bought my first box. I was at that time all run down, weak, nervous and without ambition. I had been doctoring all summer for malaria and stomach trouble. Everybody thought I was going into consumption, as my mother had died of that disease."

"Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am now alive and hearty. I began to improve as soon as I began to take them, and when I had taken three boxes I was a well woman. Everyone wonders how I keep so well and am able to care for my home and six children without help. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills explain it."

"My oldest girl's health began to fail when she was about fourteen. She was nervous, complained of sharp pains in her head, would get drowsy and sick and have to leave the schoolroom to get fresh air to revive her. I gave her pills to try. She took only a few boxes, but they cured her troubles, and caused her to develop into a perfect picture of health. Then my husband took them for rheumatism and found that they would cure that too. So you see we have all got great good from using them, and that is why we recommend them to others."

Mrs. Minnie B. Gossett lives at Chillicothe, Tennessee, Co., Ohio, and is well known, as she has resided in the same neighborhood for more than thirteen years. Her story shows that a medicine which makes the blood sound and the nerves strong, overcomes a variety of diseases and should be found in every household. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists everywhere. They have cured anemias, and all forms of weakness, and the most stubborn cases of dyspepsia and rheumatism. They are indispensable for growing girls.

FROM SCIENTIFIC SOURCES.

The electric waves measured by Hertz—and named after him—were found by the great scientist to be 150 feet from the top of one wave to the top of the next. The waves used by Marconi in telegraphing across the Atlantic are much longer; in fact, they are 600 feet or more. The waves travel at the same speed as light—the incredible and almost inconceivable rate of 184,000 miles per second. But the light wave measures only a few millionths of an inch.

Mr. R. A. Farner, of the United States geological survey, has left Sacramento, Cal., upon a mission that may establish, in accordance with scientific requirements, the exact height of Mount Whitney and also the lowest point in the United States. Mount Whitney is generally believed to be about 15,530 feet in height, while the surface of Death valley, popularly supposed to be the lowest in the country, has been estimated at from 100 to 500 feet below the level of the sea. The expedition will be a hazardous one.

Darwin admitted that the pursuit of science destroyed his love of art, but Ernst Haeckel, who is one of the greatest living scientists, is also an artist of marked ability. Though Haeckel has devoted a long and industrious life to biological researches, he has found leisure to do hundreds of paintings, and many of his monographs on biology, which are scientific classics, are illustrated with his own pictures in color. During a four months' visit to India for scientific study he brought back some 200 fair-sized water colors.

It is difficult to conceive of the conditions where canned goods need be consumed without preparation by use of a fire, but evidently such circumstances do exist, as several arrangements for heating applied practically in Germany. In one case the heat is derived from so-called hard spirit contained in a receptacle attached to the can, and in another by allowing water containing a little acetic acid to act upon unslaked lime, which ingredients are also contained in receptacles attached to the can.

CHILDREN AFFECTED

By Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mother's milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babies. The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point: "I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and though I could not eat a meal without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added, two years ago, a chronic sour stomach. The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!"

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience than mine, and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk, I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk. "So, I quit coffee, and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum Coffee with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk. My husband then quit coffee and used Postum, quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spots, pain in my heart or sour stomach. Postum has cured them."

"Now we all drink Postum, from my husband to my seven-months-old baby. It has proved to be the best food we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each box.

Mrs. Humble Wishes.

A vine-clad cabin where I see That Spring a rosy winner; Some one to split the raft for me, And also cook the dinner.

And willing hands, Of toughest toil, To till for me The answering soil.

The birds to play my music—free— Some friend, of temper sunny, To manage all the musics for me, And rob the hive of honey.

To pay the fiddler— Night or day, While I'm just dancing Life away!

O, thus serenely let me live In sweet simplicity, And if there's any more to give, Just put it down for me!

I only ask, In life's bright beams, The world to fan me In my dreams! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

MADMOISELLE MISCHIEF

By LIEUT. MURRAY

MANY years ago, in a cottage near Paris, there lived a widower with four children. The locality was in a beautiful wooded district, since swallowed up in the grand improvements of the Bois de Boulogne. The occupant of the cottage was an artist, and a very humble one in point of ability, who struggled industriously to obtain food for those four young mouths, like a parent bird presiding over a nest of fledglings.

The oldest of these children was sent to school at the time we refer to, proving an exceedingly intelligent pupil, but with such an irresistible propensity for mischief of all sorts that she absolutely came to be called Mademoiselle Mischief.

She was a good-hearted child, but yet a perfect little imp, whose roguery got her constantly into difficulty. One very reprehensible trick of the young girl was the propensity, which seemed perfectly natural to her, for drawing caricatures of the schoolmistress and others, which, being done with admirable likeness, possessed just enough merit to make the satire very keen and sometimes bitterly felt.

Miss Mischief was also wonderfully expert with the scissors, cutting out pictures from black paper, and was also very skillful in carving wood with her penknife. Another trick to which she was addicted was that of producing from bread crumbs absurd likenesses of her teacher and such professors as visited the school where she belonged.

The roguish little creature gave her schoolmistress an infinite amount of trouble, and there is no use in disguising the fact that she was almost daily laid across the mistress' lap and soundly punished. Still it was impossible to break her exuberant spirit, and she went on with her caricatures, mingled with pictures of animals and trees.

At last it seemed as though the good schoolmistress was in despair. She knew not how to punish her so as to have the proper effect. She was tired of "correcting," and finally appealed to the child herself: "What shall I do with you?" "I do not know," "I don't wish to whip you." "Please don't," she said. "What can I do to make you behave better?"

"Lock me up," said Miss Mischief, brightening up, as though a capital idea had struck her. So the little girl was conducted to the coal cellar, where she was duly imprisoned. But, alas! when her mistress went to release her she found that the incorrigible child had covered the walls of the cellar with really excellent portraits of a cat, in all conceivable postures, which had happened to be her fellow prisoner. The mistress could not find it in her heart to be harsh on the occasion, for it was impossible not to recognize the excellence of the hastily executed drawings.

It seemed to be impossible to curb her young spirits, or to keep her within the bounds positively required by school discipline, and she was finally sent home and told that she must not return again. Her father, at his child's earnest request, never sent her to school again, but, seeing upon what her heart was bent, he set himself to teaching her drawing. She, in the meantime, taught herself modeling, and executed a number of clever designs of animals and human figures, which she sold for whatever she could get upon the boulevards.

The child was encouraged by even this trifling success, and set herself industriously to work painting her father's domestic animals, consisting of a large dog, a cat and an owl. These pictures were so well done that she found a purchaser for the three, who gave her a hundred francs for them—a small fortune for her youthful imagination. These pet animals were reproduced, each time being better and better represented, until she got a hundred francs for each. Then she combined the three pets in one picture, showing a taste for grouping that would have done credit to a much older artist, and these pictures sold as fast as she finished them. Miss Mischief was improving daily, and no one realized the fact more clearly than her father, who offered her all the instruction he was able to give her, and aided her in seeking further opportunity for developing the genius which was in her.

He took her often to the Louvre, where she could see the grandest works of the old masters and historical paintings which fired her imagination and fastidiously trained her eye. But her taste and genius had been erratic from the outset. It was not in the splendid halls of the Louvre that she sought to study her art, but out of doors. She was always at home with nature, and loved to sketch among the fields, the flowers and the domestic animals. She watched the farmers in the fields, and the oxen at work, the horses on the boulevards, and purchased a lamb which ran about with her from morning until night, and which she painted and sold, on canvas, 50 times.

All this while the young schoolgirl was developing into the young woman, and in every picture she painted, always from life, some decided improvement was manifest over her previous efforts. She loved her self-imposed task, and followed it so closely, first in the minutest observation of her subjects, and then in the patient detail of reproducing it, that she could not fall of success.

And thus the mischievous little girl who had been locked up in the school cellar to punish her for her roguery and disregard of all rules of propriety, had so improved in her chosen profession that in 1848 Horace Vernet, then president of the Society of Fine Arts in Paris, pronounced her to be the first female artist in France—he might have truthfully added in the world.

This was Rosa Bonheur. Her pictures to-day grace the first galleries of the world, and command the highest prices. They are more simple and grand than elaborate, while her touch is masterly, there being no trace of a woman's hand in anything she paints. She aspired to photograph nature in colors, and her success was perfect.

Rosa did not grow up to be a handsome woman, though she had a fine brow and very expressive and beautiful eyes; but the face as a whole was rather harsh. The hands and feet were of the most petite character. She always wore her hair short, and in many respects followed the dress of the sterner sex; but in her manners she was refined and lady-like.

In her frequent visits to the cattle fairs and stockyards, where she selected her animal models, she always put on male attire, and was invariably attended by two huge mastiffs, who could make her respected, if necessary, by a sign from their mistress.

One day when she was on her way to visit the cattle market to make some studies, and dressed as a man, when her maid came suddenly to her and announced the illness of a dear lady friend who lived hard by. Rosa hastened up to see her, and, throwing herself on the bed, caressed the invalid. Just at this moment the doctor entered, and, horrified at what he saw, made a hasty retreat.

"For pity's sake, Rosa," cried her friend, "hasten after him and explain!" "Oh, it's no matter," she replied. "Ah, but he's the greatest gossip livelier, and will spread the report that I receive visits from lovers, and all sorts of horrors."

So Rosa hastened after the doctor, but found it not so easy to convince him who she was.

Such is a glance at the romantic history of the most famous female artist of the world.—N. Y. Weekly.

CATS MAKE WOMEN RICH.

Raisers of Angoras Declared to Be Possessors of Wealth—How Success Is Won.

Chicago.—Whether it be the raising of Angora cats or the raising of six-cent bread the Hull House Woman's club agreed that women must put their whole interest into their work to make it successful. There is money in the raising of Angoras; at least such is the testimony of Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham. There is money in the raising of cats. This is the testimony of Mrs. Ida Cronk. Mrs. Cronk has run a restaurant, Mrs. Pelham has never raised cats.

Mrs. Pelham gave a list of enterprises in which a woman can make a good living. The list includes: Bread-making—Such good bread as will sell for six cents a loaf; to make pickles, preserves and jams; to hand laundry for shirt-waists; the making of shirt-waists; facial massage, hair-dressing and manicuring; the raising of mushrooms in cellars; the keeping of bees; the raising of chickens; the raising of Angora cats.

Mrs. Pelham does not advise a woman to start in the chicken business with less than a farm training and \$500 in cash. This sum, she believes, will start the business and keep the woman until she has some return.

To start a catery one thoroughbred Angora kitten and a love of cats is necessary. Mrs. Pelham knew a young actress, who was not a success on the stage, who did not like her work and who longed for something else. A friend gave her a very valuable kitten and another friend jokingly suggested that she embark in the cat business. The actress was delighted with the suggestion and in her tiny flat in New York started the enterprise. Later she moved to a country place on Long Island, where she now has a large cat farm and is making a fortune.

"Will you oblige me with your autograph?" asked a bore of a busy public man. "Certainly," replied the public man. "Just make out a check for ten guineas payable to my order. I will endorse it cheerfully, and in due time, you may be sure, it will come back to you safely through your bank."—Tit-Bits.

"Violets! That Are Geraniums." The purchaser of a bunch of Parma violets in London found that it had a strange smell, partly geranium and partly something else. Closer examination showed that the inside of the flowers was white, and that the "violet" were white double geraniums. The enterprising flower seller had dipped them carefully in violet ink.

In France doctors' prescriptions must be written in French, and not in Latin, as is the custom here.

Smelling Game.

A new game for long evenings has been devised and tried by an English house party of which Rider Haggard was host. It is a contest of smelling powers. Numbered programmes and numbered bottles containing essence of cloves, gin, eucalyptus, sherry and other groceries. The game is to identify these. And the difficulty of distinction has occurred to many men who have tried the decanters with the nose in the hope of deciding whether it is brandy or whisky. In this particular effort to recapture a sense in which the dog masters mankind a woman won.

When Jackson Prayed.

Stonewall Jackson's negro body servant knew before anybody else when a battle was imminent. "The general tells you, I suppose," said the general's valet, "that he prays for the success of the army. Just like we all, mornin' or night, but when he gets up two, three times in a night to pray, den I rubs my eyes an' gets up, an' an' packs de haversack—ca'se I done fine out dere's gwine to be old boy to pay right away."—Argonaut.

Thames Tunnel.

It will require five years to construct the Ratcliff-Rotherhithe tunnel now being built under the Thames. Its length will be 6,833 feet, with an external diameter of 30 feet, which will allow a carriageway of 16 feet and two footways four feet eight and one-half inches wide. When it is finished there will be three tunnels under the Thames at London.

Hopeless Case.

The good woman was distributing a few tracts behind the bars. "And what are you in for, my unfortunate friend?" she asked of No. 1312. "Cause I can't get out," sullenly answered the prisoner. And the good woman passed on.—Chicago News.

Sold Naval Secret.

An official who occupied a confidential post in the Germania shipbuilding yard at Kiel has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for selling secret plans of submarines constructed by his firm to rival German yards. He was in receipt of a salary of \$1,500 a year. He sold himself for \$2,750.

Probably Did.

Irma—Poor Wallie! When I refused him he said he would jump into the lake! Ida—Well, did he? "I don't know. Still, it seems to me there's a flavor of Turkish cigarettes in the water."—Chicago Daily News.

Fond of His Cattle.

The earl of Southesk, who died recently, was very proud of a picturesque herd of Highland cattle he owned. When he was dying he was carried, at his desire, in a couch to a window, and the cattle were paraded past it, that he might see them once more.

Animal Language.

Animals have a language composed of signs or sounds expressing sensations, passions, but never ideas. So this language excludes conversation, and is limited to signs of joy, grief, fear, anger, in fact, all the passions of the senses.—Nature.

Poor Engine.

A speaker at a meeting of the chamber of agriculture, in Worcester, England, the other day, said: "We have a fire engine which always goes to fires never gets there, and always manages to cause one or two fires on the way."

Japs Don't Forget.

Japan remembers its friends even in war time. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, Prof. J. J. Rehn, of Bonn, Germany, received a cablegram of congratulation from the University of Tokio.

Women in Ireland.

In Ireland men and women are in every respect political equals. The nation, which numbers over 70,000 people, is governed by representatives elected by both men and women.

Varieties of Stamps.

The total number of all known varieties of postage stamps, not including "errors," issued by all the governments of the world up to the present is 19,242.

His Preference.

"They say you are a great linguist, Prof. Takeligh. Which tongue do you prefer?"

THE MARKETS.

Willing Enough.

"Will you oblige me with your autograph?" asked a bore of a busy public man.

"Certainly," replied the public man.

"Just make out a check for ten guineas payable to my order. I will endorse cheerfully, and in due time, you may be sure, it will come back to you safely through your bank."—TIT-BITS.

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